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IOLA, ... KANSAS.

Adventures of Tad;

— OR THE —

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,

AUTHOR OF "PEPPER ADAMS," "BLOWN OUT TO SEA," "PAUL GRAFTON," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

"I don't wish to increase the general unpleasantness," he observed, poking his head through the door with a ghastly smile, "but I'm compelled to remark that the thief has also taken"——

"*Not* my Roman gold bracelets, John dear," interrupted his wife, clasping her hands in a tragic manner —"don't say that!"

"I grieve to be obliged to say so, my love," said Mr. Mason, with affected pleasantry, "and also to add that not only have your watch and chain been stolen silently away, but the biggest trunk seems to have been despoiled of a dress or two, as well as the fur-lined circular, which you *would* insist upon bringing, in spite of my remonstrances, while"——

"Here, Tad! Tad, come back here! where are you going?" interrupted Miss Smith, as, at the words "fur-lined circular," Tad, seizing his cap from the table, bolted from the room without a word, followed by Mr. Mason, who muttered something about hunting up the sheriff, while his wife, with a hysteric sob, sought her own apartment for the purpose of seeing whether she had sustained any further loss.

Mr. Atherton rose to his feet with suspicion in his eye, and the little sachel key, which he had previously drawn from his pocket, in his hand.

"I—I—do *not* like the appearance of all this," he said, in a tone of severe displeasure. "That boy's behavior, from my first encounter with him, at the station in Philadelphia, to this last —er—hasty exit, has, to say the least, hardly been above suspicion; and I must say"——

"*What*, sir!" wrathfully exclaimed Miss Smith, not heeding pacific Mrs. Flagg's gentle twitch at her dress-skirt, "so you dare to insinuate that my—that Tad, who's be'n under my own eye ever sence he come to Bixport—an' a honester, stiddier boy never lived—would"——

"Without meanin' to come into no collision," gently but firmly interposed Captain Flagg, in persuasive tones, "an' seein' we're all neighbors an' frien's, supposin' we lay to an' anchor for a spell, an' see what comes of it. In my way of thinkin'," continued the Captain, beaming mildly upon Mr. Atherton, who, apparently a little ashamed of his haste, had subsided again into his chair, "that there boy is all Miss Smith says, an' more, too, an' it's my belief that what's sot him off all so sudden is some kind of a clew that he's in a hurry to overhaul. What do *you* think, Polly?"

Polly said that she *knew* it was something of the sort, while Mrs. Flagg murmured words to the same effect. So, as there was nothing *to* do but await events, Miss Smith swallowed what she afterwards mentioned as her "righteous indignation," and took up her knitting; Mr. Atherton controlled his impatience as best he could, and, drawing a paper from his pocket, became seemingly absorbed in its contents, though Tad was perpetually scampering up and down its columns; while the Flaggs conversed with each other and Miss Smith in a confidential undertone, regarding the strange events of the day.

CHAPTER XIV.

Meanwhile, Tad, possessed by one dominant thought, which had flashed across his mind at Mr. Mason's mention of the loss of his wife's fur-lined circular, was speeding through the half darkness up the street in the direction of Potter's.

For, an hour or so before, while walking the hotel piazza, pending the arrival of the stage, Tad's eyes, which, generally speaking, were everywhere, happened to glance through one of the long windows into the dingy apartments dignified by the name of "Ladies' Parlor," where, rather to his surprise, he noticed a richly attired lady, with a vail before her face, sitting on the worn, hair-cloth sofa. Guests were not common at Potter's—particularly well-dressed ladies—and Tad, secretly marveling, gave this one more particular attention as he walked to and fro. One thing struck him as being rather peculiar, which was that, despite the warmth of the July evening, the stranger wore over her other apparel a long silk circular, very similar to the one which had played so important a part in his own exodus from the city, even to the fur lining, of which he caught a tiny glimpse.

Joe Whitney had joined him in his walk, and, noticing the direction of his gaze, had whispered confidentially:

"Say, that's *my* passenger—Potter's goin' to give me a quarter to drive her over to Middleboro, to catch the train 'cause he can't spare the hostler. She's in a big hurry," added Joe, with a gleeful chuckle, "so they're harnessing up Brown Pete, and there isn't but one better trotter in the stable—that's Potter's sorrel mare, and she's a regular flier." For Joe, like most boys, was very fond of a fast horse, and, being an excellent driver for his years, obtained gratuitous rides and occasional quarters by taking occasional passengers to their different destinations for Mr. Potter.

But the arrival of the stage, with Mr. Atherton and one other passenger—a small, silent man, who only spoke in monosyllables, whose features Tad could not distinguish in the gathering darkness—drove Joe's communication and the mysterious occupant of the parlor, alike, from his mind, till after the discovery of the robbery of Mrs. Mason's room, when, as I have said, her husband's sudden reference to the loss of the cloak caused a new idea to occur to him, which brought the incident just narrated freshly to mind, and sent him rushing from the room. Not only this, but, growing into an almost certainty as he hurried along, it added such speed to his flying feet that, on his arrival at Potter's, in a flushed and heated condition, Tad stumbled almost head-first against the small, silent man who had been Mr. Atherton's fellow-passenger, as he was walking the piazza with a cigar in his mouth. Hastily excusing himself, Tad burst into the office, where Mr. Potter, who weighed nearly three hundred pounds, was sitting in his shirt-sleeves, reading the *New England Farmer*.

"Say, Mr. Potter," gasped Tad, breathlessly, "how long has Joe been gone with that person—passenger—in the long black cloak?"

"Eh?" responded Mr. Potter, looking up from his paper and speaking with aggravating deliberation, "how long? Lemme see. M'ria," raising his voice for the benefit of his wife, in the other room, "how long's that young Whitney be'n away with that air lady passenger—the one in such a tremendous hurry to git to Middleborrer?"

Tad, with feverish impatience, awaited the answer. The small man on the piazza, near the open door, must have been of a rather inquisitive nature; for, holding his cigar between his fingers, and his head a little to one side, he, too, seemed to listen for Mrs. Potter's response.

"Pretty nigh half 'n hour," called Mrs. Potter, through the half-open door. "Why, who wants to know?"

"Me—Tad Thorne, Mrs. Potter," exclaimed Tad, in an agitated voice, and oh, Mr. Potter! *won't* you have the sorrel mare put right in quick, so I can drive off after her—I mean him—dressed up in Mrs. Mason's cloak, and catch 'em before he—she—gets to Middleboro!"

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you?" demanded Mrs. Potter, with some asperity, as she bounced into the office.

"It's that Forrest—his name is Jones—I mean Edwards," poor Tad exclaimed, incoherently, "he's stole Mr. Atherton's hand-bag, full of diamuns and papers, and dressed up in Mrs. Mason's clothes and cloak"——

"Mr. Potter!" interrupted a quick and somewhat imperious voice, proceeding from the smoker of the piazza, who, flinging his cigar aside, suddenly appeared inside the door, "have your fastest horse put into a light buggy, and be quick about it!" And in the voice, as well as its owner, Tad, with a great thrill of joy, recognized City Detective Blossom, who, it will be remembered, had caused Mr. Jones to restore the little alligator-skin sachel to Tad, in the streets of Boston, a long time before.

"Tell him the sorrel mare, Mr. Blossom," cried Tad, who was wildly excited; "she can trot ever so much faster than Brown Pete—and oh! please let me go, too!"

The detective glanced sharply at Tad, and nodded. "You can go," he said, briefly. "The sorrel mare, Mr. Potter, and be quick about it," he added; and, greatly bewildered, Mr. Potter bawled his directions to his wife, who repeated them from the back window to the hostler, in the stable-yard.

"How was it?" asked Mr. Blossom, in his curt way, as Tad followed him out on the piazza. And Tad succeeded in giving a tolerably succinct account of the robbery and leading circumstances which had made him almost positive as to the guilty person.

"Smart boy," the detective remarked, approvingly, as the buggy rattled round to the door; "jump in!" And, springing after Tad, Mr. Blossom snatched the reins from the hostler's hands, chirruped to the sorrel mare, and they were off.

"It's a straight road to Middleboro—only one hill," gasped Tad, whose breath was almost taken away by the rapidity with which the light buggy was being whirled along behind the nimble heels of the sorrel mare. As long as he lives he will never forget that night drive over the level, dusty highway, lined on either side by the dense piny growth peculiar to the New England States. The moon was nearly full, and as it gradually rose above the tree-tops great patches of alternate light and shadows were thrown across the road. Mr. Blossom, whose thin, keen face did not show the slightest trace of emotion, sat bolt-upright on the buggy-seat, with feet firmly braced, his short muscular arms extended straight out before him, as rigid as bars of steel from the tautened reins, which were wound in one turn about each of his small, nervous hands.

Evidently Mr. Blossom not only knew how to drive but how to get all possible speed out of the sorrel mare. With her small ears laid back and her

AN EXCITING CHASE.

nose pointing forward, the intelligent animal seemed to understand that now, if ever, her best efforts were required, and her slim legs went measuring off the miles with long, steady strides that seemed to impereceptibly grow longer and swifter as she warmed up to her work.

The sorrel mare was going nearly two miles to Brown Pete's one, at her present rate of speed. Trembling with excitement, Tad held his hat on with one hand, while with the other he clung to the rail of the buggy, as the pines and hemlocks which bordered the road seemed flying by like lightning.

"There they are," briefly said Mr. Blossom, speaking for the first time since they had started. Far ahead in the moonlight rose Winslow's hill, beyond which lay Middleboro, about two miles distant. Outlined against the pale ribbon-like road was a black moving object, at the sight of which Tad's heart gave a great throb of excitement.

Mr. Blossom took the long, slender whip from the socket and gently touched the sorrel mare's heaving flank.

Whew! Tad began to wish he was safely back on Mr. Potter's piazza. *Such* going! The mare was making such time as she had never excelled even at the Middleboro trotting-park. If a wheel should come off—

But now, as they gained rapidly upon the team in advance, it was evident that the pursued had become aware of a pursuer. Up the long hill sped Brown Pete, but the fleet strides of the sorrel mare followed with increasing speed. Down the log incline—and now the distant lights of Middleboro town were distinctly visible.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Blossom's lips were tightly compressed, as he glanced from the flying team to the distant village lights; for, though the sorrel mare was doing her best, it was very evident that she was beginning to be "winded;" while Brown Pete, driven at a less rate of speed at the beginning of the journey, seemed nearly as fresh as ever.

"You'd better pull up, Edwards—I'm bound to have you," called Mr. Blossom, in a strong, clear voice, that rose above the rattling wheels.

"First catch your hare," shouted a mocking voice, as the speaker, whose plumed hat had dropped off, turned on the seat and looked back. He had snatched the reins from Joe's hands at the first indications of pursuit, and was plying the whip unmercifully, while Joe, in a seeming agony of terror at discovering the dangerous character of his passenger, had dropped into the bottom of the buggy.

But Joe was no coward, and was quick-witted withal. As he heard the detective's shouted remark and his unpleasant companion's reply, he hesitated one brief second, and then, reaching up, seized the right-hand reign in both hands—pulling on it with all his strength.

Of course, the inevitable result followed. Brown Pete swerved wildly to the right—the forward wheel turned under the buggy-bottom, and "cramped," which caused the buggy itself to turn over—with such surpris-

"GI'ME THE SACHEL!" PANTED TAD.

ing suddenness that Joe went flying into a small duck puddle by the road-side, while Edwards—skirts, cloak and all—sailed impetuously over a fence, and landed in a field beyond it.

Mr. Blossom, with a joyous exclamation, began to pull up the sorrel mare—no easy task, I can assure you.

And Tad, who, despite his excitement, had never taken his eyes from the one object of pursuit, uttered a cry; for, before the buggy came to a full stop, he saw Edwards gathering himself up and starting in a ridiculous run across the field.

"He *sha'n't* get away!" cried Tad, whose nerves, wrought up to the highest pitch, would have ventured any thing to save the prize, so nearly within their grasp. Before the words had left his lips, Tad had slipped over the back of the buggy, scaled the fence like a squirrel and was following close at Edwards' heels, while Mr. Blossom's nimble feet were gaining the fence itself. Like most boys, Tad was a good runner, while Edwards, encumbered by the clinging skirts, made very indifferent progress, even though holding them as high as he could! And in another moment Tad had seized the end of the long circular, which was streaming out behind like black wings.

"Gi'me the sachel!" panted Tad, and with the words the cloak-clasp parted—Tad fell on the back of his head, holding the fur-lined circular in his hand, while Edwards plunged forward—caught his foot in the front breadths of Mrs. Mason's best black silk, and went down on his nose in a highly undignified manner.

When Tad regained his feet, Mr. Blossom was rather humorously regarding a very shame-faced individual attired in a torn and mud-stained black silk dress, which entirely failed to conceal a pair of very masculine boots and trousers. Mr. Edwards' wrists were adorned with steel handcuffs, and his features wore such a downcast look that Tad's tender hear was touched.

"If he'll only give the rest of the things up, hadn't you better let him go, Mr. Blossom?" suggested Tad, in a low tone; but the detective shook his head.

"He's wanted in Boston, for something more serious than stealing," said Mr. Blossom, gravely. And then he handed Tad the recovered sachel, together with Mrs. Mason's jewelry, which he had taken from Edwards' pocket with professional dexterity.

"If there's any reward offered for all this, you've earned your share of it," the detective remarked; and then the three made their way back in comparative silence.

Joe had fished himself from the duck puddle, unharnessed Brown Pete from the overturned vehicle, which was not badly damaged, and when the singular trio regained him in the road he was scraping himself with a stick, while the two horses, carefully blanketed, stood, with drooping heads and reeking sides, by the roadside.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

A CHANGE OF DRESS.

Some Women of Paris Who Have Adopted Male Attire—A Change for the Better.

It is reported from Paris that six married ladies of title have discarded the conventional dress of their sex and adopted the attire of men. They are following the lead of a French woman who has of late made herself conspicuous by advocating such a change, which, she contends, is a necessary preliminary to the emancipation of women from restraints that fatally handicap them in their competion with men under the opportunities afforded by modern civilization. The New York *Sun*, in a lengthy editorial on the subject, observes that the dress of women has already been assimilated in many respects to that of men, and so far as the change has gone it has unquestionably been for the better. Instead of the paper-soled shoes of a generation ago, women now wear the heavy soles which are as requisite to their health as they are to the health of men.

They no longer trail the petticoats of their gowns along the pavements or tire themselves by holding them up as they walk abroad. Underclothing adapted to the changes of the temperature is worn by both sexes, though the time was when women suffered for the lack of it in order that their figures might seem the more etheral. Overcoats in cut not much unlike those of men are now adopted by women, and the jersey jacket of the sailor has been deservedly popular among them for several years. They also have affected tailor-made garments fashioned after those of the male sex, and sailor-hats and Derbys worn by them are, in all respects, except it may be so far as trimming goes, the same as those obtained by men at their hatters. Something approaching a masculine waistcoat has also become a frequent part of women's attire, and collars and cravats little different from those of their brothers have been adopted, the material of their garments, too, being often the same as that used by the tailors for men.

All this, observes the writer in the *Sun*, has been a sensible change, for it has increased the comfort and adaptability of the garments worn by women, and has not lessened their beauty; while the full dress in which they appear of an evening was never more artistic than it is now. As the processes of manufacture have been perfected, and as chemistry has provided a greater variety of tones and colors, the fabrics worn have become more beautiful, and the opportunities for striking and harmonious combinations have vastly increased. Yet these six French women would cast aside all that art and science have done for the beautifying of the materials, and for making more æsthetically satisfactory the fashioning of their garments. If the conventional European dress of men, which they would substitute for that worn by women, were the best that could be devised for a human being, there might be practical justification for its adoption by both sexes, even at the sacrifice of beauty. If it were better adapted to all weathers and all occupations than the flowing robes of women, it would be more harmonious with the requirements of this active age.

But men themselves cry out against its inconvenience and its unsuitability to their occupations. Trousers are by no means the ideal garment even for masculine wear, and it is the trousers which more especially distinguish the male from the female attire in our Western civilization. Something resembling knickerbockers would be much more suitable for men than trousers, and if the six French women really want to benefit the human species they had better let them organize a movement against trousers rather than undertake to put trousers on the sex not now forced by convention to wear them. The Chinese costume for men is better, and if women are dissatisfied with their present attire they would be wiser to adopt that, with modifications, which would satisfy their love of beauty. It is flowing and it admits of a variety of color and material impossible under the conventions of the European dress for men.

In conclusion, the writer adds that "if women continue to compete with men in all except a few of the industries of the world, they must make some change in their present costume or else permanently suffer from manifest disabilities; but that is no reason why they should imitate masculine attire as it is in the West. Let them rather use their inventive capacity to devise a dress more convenient and more beautiful, or rather which, to some extent at least, satisfies the law of beauty, as the dress of men does not.

Equal Suffrage in Kansas.

Mrs. Julia A. Wilson read a very able paper recently before the North Star Equal Suffrage Association of Kansas. She said:

"There is no strife to-day between the sexes. We are in possession of many rights and franchises which we have not the nerve nor the ambition to exercise. What the women of America need to-day is concert of action and aggressive effort. Our voting franchise is in sight and in reach. One united, gallant struggle, and the fruits of the ages of strife and smothered justice will be over. The tendency of our politics to-day is toward corruption, and if it can not be stopped, discord and anarchy must follow. Vice is growing. Reform campaigns do not stop it. We must help. We shall be put in a position to help just as soon as we go with a respectable majority and demand the right to vote."

The Wretched Needle-Women of London.

In one of his latest stories, Mr. Walter Besant, the English novelist, gives some realistic and sadly faithful pictures of the condition of the less skilled working-women of London. To read this book, "The Children of Gibeon," is to be convinced that the writer has made a minute personal study of the subject, not only for the purposes of fiction, but from deep and honest sympathy. Some of the ideas put forth in that book will probably be tried by the Working-women's Conference, of which Mr. Besant has been made treasurer.

Hard as is the lot of needle-women in all great cities, it seems to be particularly wretched in London. One of the abominable tyrannies pointed out by Mr. Besant in the novel to which we have alluded is the practice of "drilling." This consists in compelling girls whose work, for some reason, has not given complete satisfaction, to stand in the offices of the great employers for two, three, or even four days, waiting for the next batch of work. No seats are allowed, and if the unfortunate girl leaves the office at any time while being "drilled," she is told on her return that she can have no work at all. This is a sample of the brutality of certain large London firms. It is to be one object of Mr. Besant's new society to make such things impossible by bringing them to the bright light of publicity.—*Woman's Journal.*

ITEMS ABOUT WOMEN.

MISS ELEANOR H. LARRISON, a graduate of Smith College, will fill the position of teacher of composition and rhetoric at the Buffalo Female Academy.

MRS. MARY S. KNAGGS edits a "Woman's World" column in the Bay City (Mich.) *Tribune*, which is rich with varied interest, and well sustained.—*Woman's Journal.*

NORA M. CROWLEY, of Cincinnati, sister of Rev. Father Crowley, formerly of St. Patrick's Catholic Church, has applied for naturalization papers in order to perfect her application for a Government appointment.

FANNY KEMBLE is living in England A visit from her is expected at Lenox, Mass., and the people there will give her a warm reception. The clock and bell in the tower of the Congregational Church were a present from her.

MRS. LUCAS, of London, MISS WILLARD, of Chicago, and MRS. HANNAH WHITEALL SMITH, of Philadelphia, have issued a circular in which they ask Christian women everywhere to observe November 12 and 13 as days of prayer for a divine blessing upon every form of temperance work in the world.

MISS CLARA BARTON sailed on Tuesday from New York to London. Just before sailing, she sent to the Woman's Department of Mechanics' Fair an exhibit of the Red Cross work, which will be made in a Ducker portable barrack. This was kindly placed at the disposal of Miss Barton by Mr. John Hanna.

MISS ANNA C. BRACKETT has been writing recently on the luxury that is being introduced into some educational establishments. Miss Brackett regards it as possible to make a person too comfortable for his work. "In school," she says, "the teach is there to teach, not to receive, nor to rest. As well have sofas and arm-chairs in any workshop," she adds, and she believes, for the forging of character, we need the anvil and all the surroundings of labor.

MRS. MARY HAYNES JONES, wife of the late Prof. William P. Jones, former president of the Northwestern Female College, at Evanston, Ill., and Miss Lydia L. Jones, their adopted daughter, an alumna of the Northwestern University, have continued to carry on the institution. Mrs. Jones has now become its president. At the recent commencement of the Northwestern University, she received the degree of A. M. She graduated in 1851, from Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and has been in educational and literary work ever since.

MISS ELAINE GOODALE, who is spending the first vacation she has allowed herself since she began work among the Indians in lecturing on the Indian question in the East, is doing her best to elevate the tone of the day-schools maintained on the reservations. At Lower Brule, D. T., where some 1,800 Indians are settled, she has had full classes and unusal success. She is there but sixty miles or so from Miss Grace Howard, daughter of Joe Howard, the journalist, who, at Crow Creek, has undertaken a kindred work, the introduction of simple remunerative industries among Indian girls.

MISS LUCY SALMON, the new Professor of History at Vassar College, is a woman with a future. Her book, "The Appointing Power of the President," is the clearest monograph that has appeared on that difficult subject, and is a noteworthy production for one of the non-political sex. Miss Salmon is a graduate of Michigan University and a fellow of Bryn Mawr College. It is curious, by the way, that seven of the ten fellowships open to competition in that woman's college are held by graduates of co-educational schools. Miss Salmon is fine-looking, with a clear, open face, physically and mentally healthy, and steadfast looking.

Her Sex Her Crime.

The papers reporting the death in Washington of Mrs. Eliza Howard Powers, quoted from the Committee on Claims the statement that from April 28, 1861, to August 14, 1864, she devoted her time, energy, influence and means to the service of the Union soldiers and for the success of the Union cause, caring for the sick and wounded soldiers, collecting and forwarding hospital supplies and money for their relief, ministering to their wants, and relieving their sufferings in camp, field and hospital.

During this time she acted as president of the Florence Nightingale Relief Association at Patterson, N. J. From November, 1862, to August, 1864, she acted also as associate manager of the United States Sanitary Commission of New Jersey, and in this capacity collected over $8,000, and over 20,000 articles for hospital use. She received no pay whatever, paying out of her own means the cost of her own transportation and subsistence, besides contributing freely to the purposes she served at least $2,500."

But Mrs. Powers, who so nobly and unselfishly served her country, died the political equal in disfranchisement of Jefferson Davis at the South, and of unpardoned felons everywhere. Her crime was her sex.—*Woman's Journal.*

FREE-TRADE FIGHTS.

Significant Facts Gleaned from the Pages of the Nation's History.

Seldom, if ever, has the trite maxim that "History repeats itself" been more sharply demonstrated than in the clamor for free trade which followed our recent war for the perpetuation of the Union, and that which, more intensely and promptly, was evinced after crushing the earlier secession, or, as it was called, "nullification movement" in 1832.

In both cases there was a large surplus revenue above the ordinary requirements for Government expenditure; in both cases there was a rapid payment of the public debt, which had then been enormously swelled by the cost of our then recent war with England, as it was in our time expanded by the expenditure to suppress the rebellion; in both cases there was a widespread fear that, when the public debt should have been paid off and the outlet of said debt provided for, the surplus revenue destroyed, the accumulation in the Government vaults would be demoralizing to officials and mischievous by withdrawing and withholding money from the requirements of commerce; and in both a clamor, more or less intensified by British interests, was raised for a reduction of the tariff.

In his yearly message of December 3, 1833, while a protective policy yet prevailed, President Jackson gleefully wrote as follows:

"Peace reigns within our borders; abundance drowns the labors of our fields; commerce and domestic industry flourish and increase, and individual happiness rewards the private virtue and enterprise of our citizens. * * * Our condition abroad is no less honorable than it is at home. * * * If Providence permits me to meet you at another session I shall have the high gratification of announcing to you that the National debt is extinguished."

And Providence did not only so permit, but enabled the Government to distribute many millions of surplus accumulations, nominally as a loan, but actually as a gift to the various States. Could human power more graphically delineate the blessings of a protective tariff policy than the foregoing?

But alas for the perversity of humanity. At the time when the old hero was penning the message above referred to a law enacted nine months before and by him approved was on the statute books, ordering the death of the bird which had not only laid such precious eggs, but hatched them and brought the offspring to vigorous maturity. Said law provided for beginning to reduce the protection to American labor December 31st, 1833, (just four weeks later than the date of President Jackson's message) and providing for the entire but gradual withdrawal of such protection so that Free Trade should be inaugurated June 30th, 1842.

How that cruel law resulted is graphically narrated by President Tyler, who in his yearly message of December 7, 1842, said, in reference to a futile attempt to borrow the paltry sum of $2,000,000, authorized the previous year:

"It became the duty of the Executive to resort to every expedient in its power to negotiate the authorized loan. After a failure to do so in the American market a citizen of high character and talent was sent to Europe with no better success, and thus the mortifying spectacle was presented of the inability of this Government to obtain a loan so small at a time when the Governments of Europe, although involved in debt and with their subjects heavily burdened with taxation, readily obtained loans to any amount and at a greatly reduced rate of interest."

Such experience naturally opened the eyes of honest Free Traders. Protection was again inaugurated, and only one year thereafter President Tyler was enabled triumphantly to say in his annual message, December 5, 1843:

"We have new cause for the expression of our gratitude * * * for the renewed activity which has been imparted to commerce, for the increased rewards attendant on the exercise of the mechanical arts, for the continued growth of our population, and the rapidly-reviving prosperity of the whole country."

A year later President Tyler was still more jubilant. He wrote, December 3, 1844, in his annual message to Congress as follows:

"The credit of the Government, which has experienced a temporary embarrassment, has been thoroughly restored. Its coffers, which for a season were empty, have been replenished. Commerce and manufacture, which had suffered in common with every other interest, have once more revived, and the whole country exhibits an aspect of prosperity and happiness."

It would seem, after so exhaustive a test of the comparative merits of Protection and Free Trade, that the latter would be as fully consigned to execration and oblivion as was its twin brother, the Toryism of the American revolution. But, like the mephitic Americanus, whose use in the economy of nature the *Irish World* has never seen satisfactorily defined, it still lives to befoul the otherwise purer atmosphere of American thought by its disgusting exhalations.—*Irish World.*

—It was only toward the sixteenth century that the manufacture of buttons became a business. Button-making was at first a long and troublesome process. The buttons were formed of one solid piece of metal and were ornamented by the engraver. Afterward the engine-stamp and press for turning the molds were introduced, and by degrees a button passed through a number of hands before it was finished.

—"Where are you going to locate?" asked one young doctor of another. "I don't know. I was thinking of going to X——." "Don't do it. They tell me there is a general stagnation of business there." "That's just it. Stagnation produces malaria, you know."—*Washington Critic.*

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—A home without pets marks lives without love.

—It is impossible to teach your child more than you know.

—A writer in the Philadelphia *Press* says that catalpas have a decided advantage where stock is allowed to run out in that the stock will not eat them.

—Fig Cake: Three pints of flour, one cup of butter, one cup sweet milk, two and a half cups of sugar, whites of sixteen eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one and a half pounds of figs flavored and cut in strips.—*Boston Budget.*

—The richest soil does not always produce the healthiest vines or finest grapes. Frequently the land may not be worth five dollars an acre, while the climate may be worth one hundred dollars an acre for grape-growing.—*Christian at Work.*

—The signs of the times indicate that the intensely lard hog that was in great demand a few years ago is to be surplanted by the one that will furnish tender, juicy meat. The hog supplying lard has to compete with the crop of cottonseed oil, while the ham has nothing to fear from competition.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Carrot juice may be used as a coloring for butter in place of annatto, it is said, but a better plan for coloring the butter is to give the cows a mess of sliced carrots daily. If preferred, they may be cooked and fed with ground grain. It is claimed in favor of carrots that they do not impart any disagreeable odor to the milk.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Raspberry Cream: Dissolve half a box of gelatine in half a pint of cold water, add to it one small cup of sugar and one pint of raspberry juice, strain into a tin pan; place the pan on ice and stir until it thickens, then add a pint of whipped cream, stir until thoroughly mixed. Pour in a mold and stand in a cold place to harden.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

—Sponge Cake: Take three eggs and beat one minute; add one and one-half cupfuls of granulated sugar, and beat five minutes; one cupful of sifted flour, and beat one minute; one-half cupful of water; now add another cupful of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, beat one minute, teaspoonful of vanilla, and a pinch of salt.—*Toledo Blade.*

Baked Tomatoes: Pour the juice from a can of tomatoes, and save for soup. Butter a baking-dish and place a layer of bread crumbs in the bottom, then a layer of tomatoes, and season with pepper, salt and bits of butter, then more crumbs and tomatoes until the dish is full. Strew crumbs over the top and small pieces of butter. Bake in a hot oven.—*Good Cheer.*

Excellent Rolls: Take three pints of warm water in which some peeled Irish potatoes have been boiled, strain your water, add a tablespoonful of butter or lard, one teacupful of warm yeast; thicken it with flour to make a dough. Let it stand to rise, then work into rolls. Let it stand to rise fifteen or twenty minutes, then bake about three quarters of an hour. You can make this into loaves, as it is a good bread recipe.—*Farmer and Manufacturer.*

—Biscuits should be made and baked very quickly in order to have them in perfection. In a well-heated oven eight minutes is sufficient time to bake biscuit brown. Baking-powder biscuit should be handled as little as possible; soda biscuit require more kneading. Always mix the baking-powder thoroughly through the flour before putting them in the oven. Stale biscuit may be restored to freshness by plunging for an instant in cold water and then set in the stove.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

DECAY OF FRUITS.

Carbolic and Salicylic Acid the Most Reliable Destroyers of Fungi.

The decay of fruits, has been studied by competent investigators, but still no very practical suggestions have been made with a view of arresting the evil. It is now established that a rotten apple will affect a sound one lying in contact with it, and this is an important point. It is also certain that decay proceeds from the presence of peculiar fungi or parasites attaching to fruits. In some recent investigations important information has been gained. These investigations embraced the examination of various kinds, for the most widely diverse localities and at different seasons of the year. The tissue was invariably found to be exhausted and withered, the cells had lost their turgidity, the contents were contracted and the cell-cap dispersed in the intercellular spaces. With certain exceptions the entire mass of cells was permeated in all directions by the easily-seen spawn or fungi, but the threads were merely interlaced among the cells, never piercing the cells themselves. The fungi belong to very common molds of two distinct kinds, one with broad, dense tubes without partitions; the other with narrower, frequent septate tubes, both being very much branched. The former consisted mainly of fungi known as *Mucor stolonifer*, more rarely of *M. racemosus*, and the latter of *Botrytis cinerea* and *Penicillum glaucum*.

There seems to be no doubt that these parasites are nourished by the cell-sap which has escaped into the intercellular spaces; but the most important question for elucidation was whether these fungi are the cause of decay, or simply accompanying conditions. To determine this point several series of experiments were undertaken with the pure fungus and perfectly sound fruit. Spores were thickly sprinkled over sound fruit, and, to make the experiment more conclusive, the spores were conveyed to the fruit in water, the fruit afterwards placed under a bell-glass in a moist atmosphere. As might have been expected, the fruit remained sound, the spores failing to germinate altogether, or germinating only very sparingly. In consequence of the absence of a nourishing fluid the spores possessed no power to attack the tissues of the fruit.

The use of carbolic or salicylic acid might be of great service in destroying fungi, and practical methods for its employment are not difficult to devise.—*Journal of Chemistry.*